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Stupider THE DOZEN

KNOK KNOK KNOK

ATTENTION! DOWN THERE IN THE WOEFULLY UNPROTECTED BURROW! I NEED IMMEDIATE ASSISTANCE!

AT *FOUR THIOI'Y* IN THE MORNING? I'VE GOT TO MOVE INTO A BETTER NEIGHBORHOOD!

WB1219

LOOK, I'LL RETOIN THE OVERDUE BOOK TOMORROW-- I PROMISE!

OH, IT'S *YOU.* I THOUGHT YOU'D FOUND ANOTHER *"HELPLESS DESERT ANIMAL"* TO CHASE AROUND.

AND SO I HAVE, MY FLOP-EARED FRIEND!

TRUE, I HAVE PLACED THE CAPTURE AND DEVOURING OF YOU ON HOLD SO THAT I MAY PURSUE A SUPREME FEATHERED DELICACY-- *"RAPIDUS SPEEDICUS."*

THAT'S *LATIN* FOR *"ROAD RUNNER"* YOU KNOW.

Writer: Terry Collins Penciller: Cosme Quartieri(Sol Studio) Letterer: Thom Zahler Inker: Khato (Sol Studio)
Colorist: Tom Ziuko

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YEAH, WELL, HERE'S A HEARTY *"BEAT IT, MAC, BEFORE I CALL THE COPS"* BACK ATCHA.

THAT'S *BROOKLYN* FOR *"SCRAM!"*

NO! WAIT! I HAVE A SMALL FAVOR TO ASK, ONE NEIGHBOR TO ANOTHER.

I NEED TO ARRANGE THE LOAN OF A FLATHEAD *SCREWDRIVER.*

WHAT DO I LOOK LIKE-- A TWENTY-FOUR HOUR HARDWARE STORE?

PLEASE! THERE ISN'T A RETAIL ESTABLISHMENT WITHIN A HUNDRED MILES OF HERE!

I GET WHAT YOU NEED, YOU PROMISE TO LEAVE ME ALONE?

YOU HAVE MY *WORD!*

I'D RATHER HAVE IT IN *WRITING.* WAIT HERE-- I'LL BE RIGHT BACK.

I'LL RETURN IT AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!

DO ME A FAVOR, DOC--HOLD OFF 'TIL THE SUN COMES UP AT LEAST!

I'D BETTER BREAK OUT THE EAR PLUGS-- IF THAT CRAZY COYOTE IS SCHEMING AGAIN, I KNOW THERE'LL BE AN *EXPLOSION* BEFORE THE NIGHT'S OVER!

NOW WHAT?!

A THOUSAND PARDONS, MA'AM-- I NEED TO BORROW A SCREWDRIVER.

COURSE YOU DO. FLATHEAD OR A PHILLIPS HEAD?

YOU MEAN THERE'S A *DIFFERENCE?* I DID NOT KNOW THAT. I'LL GET BACK TO YOU.

I THINK WILE E.'S SPENDING TOO MUCH TIME ALONE... HE NEEDS TO GET OUT MORE--

DAH, *TRICK OR TREAT!*

LITTLE TOO LATE FOR CANDY, DOC -- *HALLOWEEN* WAS MONTHS AGO.

WAIT! I NEED TA BORROW SOMETHING-- HOLD ON, IT'S RIGHT ON DA TIP OF MY TONGUE...

A SCREW-DRIVER, PER CHANCE?

DAH, YEAH! I NEED TO BORROW A SCREWDRIVER!

SORRY, IT'S ALREADY BEEN LOANED OUT. IF YOU WANT I COULD ADD YOUR NAME TO THE LIST?

SOMETHING'S *SCREWIER* THAN USUAL AROUND HERE, AND IT'S NOT IN THE TOOL BOX.

TIME TO PAY LAUGHING BOY A VISIT. MAYBE HE'S USIN' DEM TOOLS TO UNSCREW THE BOLTS HOLDIN' IN HIS BRAIN!

MODEST, AIN'T HE?

W.E.E. COYOTE SUPERGENIUS

MAYBE HE JUST NEEDED THE SCREWDRIVER TO FIX THE TRACKING ON HIS VCR--

YIPE!

I'VE HOID OF SEEING DOUBLE BUT THIS IS RIDICULOUS!

A mouthful of cookies...

HERSHEY'S

Cookies 'n' Creme

Chocolate cookie bits in white chocolate

in every bite!

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WHAT'S GOING ON ANYWAYS? SOME KINDA WEIRD FAMILY REUNION?

YOU'D NEVER UNDERSTAND AND I DON'T HAVE TIME TO EXPLAIN IN LAYMAN'S TERMS.

GEE, I'M NO ROCKET SCIENTIST LIKE YOU, BUT DIS APPEARS TO BE AN EXPERMENT IN *CLONING* TA ME.

WHY THAT'S *CORRECT!* I NEVER DREAMED A *PRIMITIVE* LIKE YOURSELF HAD THE INTELLECT TO UNDERSTAND MY WORK!

I'VE SPENT YEARS MASTERING THE PROCEDURE OF CELL DIVISON! ENDLESS NIGHTS CALCULATING HOW TO CREATE A DUPLICATE OF MYSELF!

--OR, AT THE VERY LEAST, CAPTURE A *SINGLE* ROAD RUNNER.

PROBLEM IS, EACH OF THE CLONES HAS BEEN A LESS THAN *PERFECT* COPY-- BUT I'M HOPING *QUANTITY* IF NOT *QUALITY* WILL GIVE ME THE EDGE.

I KNEW THAT ONE *WILE E. COYOTE* MIGHT NOT BE ENOUGH, BUT A *DOZEN* WILE E'S COULD RULE THE WORLD--

AT DAWN, I'LL PUT MY PLAN INTO EFFECT AT LAST! NEEDED YOUR SCREWDRIVER TO FINE-TUNE MY *ACME V.O.W.*-- *THE VIDEO OBSERVATION*

WITH THIS STATE OF THE ART AUDIO/VIDEO *TRACKING* DEVICE, I CAN GUIDE MY LEGION OF CLONES FROM AFAR.

SO IT WAS THE TRACKING ON YOUR VCR.

YOUR PRESENCE HERE IS UNWANTED. TAKE YOUR BORROWED TOOL AND GO--

--FOR AFTER I DINE ON ROAD RUNNER UNDER GLASS, I SHALL DEVOTE MYSELF TO PREPARING A TASTY *RABBIT STEW!*

NO WAY, WILE E.! I'M HANGIN' AROUND-- THIS SHOW SOUNDS TOO GOOD TO MISS!

THE DAWN COMES...

I AM THE CONDUCTOR. YOU ARE THE SYMPHONY.

TOGETHER, WE SHALL PERFORM A CONCERTO THE LIKES OF WHICH THE ANIMAL KINGDOM HAS NEVER SEEN!

ALL OF YOU ARE CONNECTED TO ME VIA YOUR *ACME* V.O.W. HEADSETS AND CAMERAS. I WILL SEE AND HEAR EVERYTHING YOU DO, AND ADVISE ACCORDINGLY.

I'VE HEARD DISSENT OVER WHICH OF US IS *SMARTEST*. I AM HERE THIS MORNING TO TELL YOU WE ARE ALL EQUALLY *AHEM*: BRILLIANT.

BUT I HAVE *EXPERIENCE*, AND THAT, MY BROTHERS, WILL TURN THE TIDE TO VICTORY!

NOW, GO OUT, YOU MAGNIFICENT WARRIORS, AND MAKE ME-- AND MY EMPTY *STOMACH*-- PROUD!

LAYING IT ON A LITTLE THICK, eh?

A GOOD ORATOR ALWAYS PROVIDES PROPER MOTIVATION, RABBIT.

Y'KNOW, DOC -- I REMEMBER READING SOMEWHERES DIS ACME PRODUCT WAS *RECALLED* DUE TO POOR AUDIO SIGNAL TRANSMISSIONS.

ACME V.O.W. 9000 INSTRUCTION MANUAL

NONSENSE! THE 9000 SERIES IS TOP-OF-THE-LINE! YOU MUST HAVE THE WRONG MODEL NUMBER!

WHATEVER YOU SAY-- BUT DON'T FORGET I TRIED TO WARN YOU...

NBA LESSON #4: THE REVERSAL

Step 1: Go to Kids Foot Locker* to get your new Champion reversible jersey.
Step 2: Pass the basketball to a teammate.
Step 3: Cross your arms grabbing your jersey and lift over your head.
Step 4: Hold jersey upright, turn inside out and place back over your head.
Step 5: Receive no-look pass and resume play.

To find out where the nearest Kids Foot Locker is, call 1-800-613-KIDS.

kids Foot Locker

WILE E. NUMBER SIX, DO NOT-- I *REPEAT*-- DO *NOT* WALK DOWN THE CENTER YELLOW LINE OF THE HIGHWAY!

DAT'S TELLIN' 'EM DOC.

WHY ARE YOU STILL HERE?! I SHOULD TOSS YOU IN A STEW POT AND BE DONE WITH IT!

NO TIME FOR COOKING NOW! BESIDES, I CAN'T LEAVE-- DIS IS THE *BEST* PART!

WE HAVE A ROAD RUNNER SIGHTING IN *SECTOR J!* WILE E. CLONES CONVERGE!

NO! NO! NOT THE *TUNNEL!* NEVER GO INTO A TUNNEL!

:*GROAN*: I FELT THAT ALL THE WAY OVER HERE.

MAYBE HE DIDN'T *HEAR* YOU, WHAT WITH ALL THE SIGNAL MALFUNCTIONS ON THIS GIZMO.

THERE... ARE... *NO*... AUDIO... MALFUNCTIONS! THE *ACME V.O.W. 9000* IS WORKING PERFECTLY!

BOOM

WILE E. NUMBER EIGHT! NO HIGH EXPLOSIVES WITHOUT A FIFTY YARD RADIUS BETWEEN YOU AND THE TARGET!

THIS IS FOR YOUR OWN SOB'S SAFETY

SCRATCH ANOTHER COYOTE. I THINK THEY MUST HAVE GOTTEN *STUPIDER* BY THE DOZEN.

I DON'T RECALL ASKING FOR YOUR OPINION

:HMPH: I CAN'T SEEM TO COMMUNICATE WITH *ANY* OF THE CLONES, NOW.

TOLD YA, DOC -- THIS SYSTEM WAS RECALLED I'M AMAZED YOU WERE ABLE TO GET ONE FROM THE FACTORY!

WHAT-- DID YOU BUY IT ON *CLEARANCE* OR SOMETHIN'?

I KNEW IT! IF THIS WAS YOUR GRAND MASTER PLAN, WHY GET *CHEAP*?!

CHEAP? HA! YOU TRY GETTING *GRANT* MONEY FOR CLONING EXPERIMENTS!

THEY THOUGHT I WAS *MAD!* ME, WILE E COYOTE. GENIUS! I HAD TO CUT *EXPENDITURES!*

STILL, EVEN WITHOUT MY SOOTHING VOICE IN THEIR EARS, MY ARMY OF *SURROGATES* SHOULD BE ABLE TO TAKE CARE OF THEIR PRIMARY OBJECTIVE.

CAMERA TWO, WHERE ARE THE OTHER CLONES?

FREE BIRD SEED

BEEP BEEP

NO! NO! NOT THE BAIT-AND-SWITCH ROAD RUNNER *DECOY* MANEUVER! THAT NEVER WORKS!

ATTENTION, CLONES! THIS IS YOUR LEADER! BREAK OFF THE ATTACK! RETURN TO HOME BASE!

THIS IS ALL TOO *FAMILIAR*. I CAN'T BEAR TO WATCH.

NOW WHAT? A COMPLETE VIDEO FAILURE?

THAT CAN ONLY MEAN ONE THING.

ALL EXTERNAL FEEDS OFF-LINE

ALL OF MY CLONES HAVE BEEN *ELIMINATED* A DECADE OF WORK-- LOST BEFORE LUNCH TIME!

SHOW'S OVER, eh? WELL, THANKS FOR THE LAUGHS. BEATS WATCHING *CABLE*

I'LL, AH, JUST TAKE MY SCREW-DRIVER AND SEE MYSELF OUT.

I GOTTA GET SOME SHUT-EYE. A NICE AFTERNOON *NAP* SOUNDS GOOD!

BEEP BEEP

TWO HOURS LATER...

RI-I-I-NG!

I KNEW I SHOULDA TAKEN DAT THING OFF THE HOOK.

CARROT MONTHLY

HELLO?

GREETINGS, NEIGHBOR. WILE E. COYOTE, GENIUS SPEAKING.

OH, IT'S YOU. LET ME GUESS, YOU NEED THE SCREW-DRIVER AGAIN?

OH, NO. PERCHANCE YOU COULD ARRANGE THE LOAN OF EAR" PLUGS, WHILE I ADD REVERSE TO MY CLONING APPARATUS?

BEEP

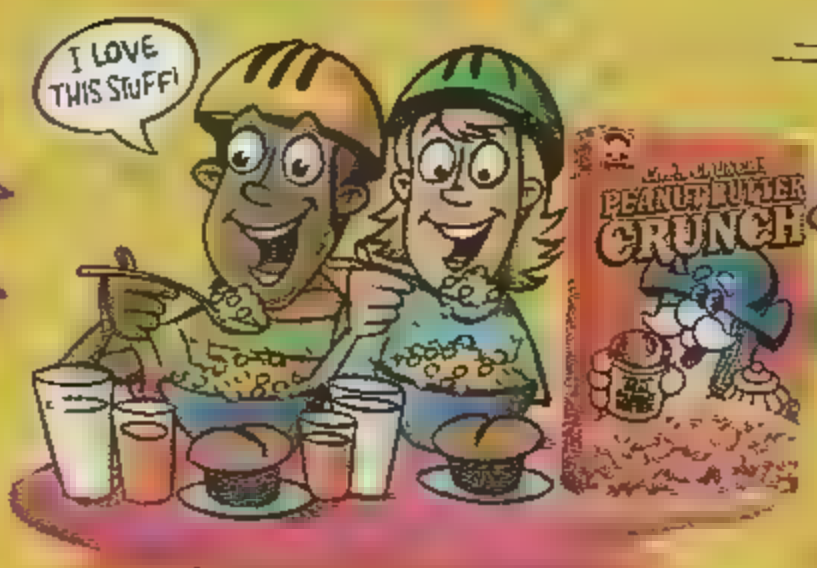
THAT'S ALL FOLKS!

OUR SKATING WASN'T GOING SO WELL.

THEN THE CAP'N SHOWED UP WITH HIS AWESOME [illegible]™ AND GOT US ROLLING!

PRETEND YOU'RE SKATING IN A BOWL OF PEANUT BUTTER CRUNCH!
CRUNCH! CRUNCH!
CRUNCH!
HEADS UP! I'M GOING FOR IT!
CHECK OUT MY SPOON DIVE!
IF I FALL, I'M GOING FACE FIRST!

YOU AND THE CAP'N MAKE IT HAPPEN!!



996 The Quaker Oats Company

WB 1309

OH, GOODY! A BWAND NEW BOOK! THAT BAD PUDDY BETTER NOT GWAB ME WHILE I'M WEADING!

HE DID! HE DID! THAT BAD PUDDY GWABBED ME!

NABBED YA, YA LITTLE STHQUAB!

OH, PUDDY TAT, PWEASE CAN I HAVE ONE WAST WEQUEST?

WELL..

PWEASE WET ME FINISH WEADING MY STOWY. IF YOU EAT ME NOW, I'LL NEVER KNOW HOW IT ENDS!

...ALL RIGHT. BUT MAKE IT STHNAPPY! I'M STHARVING!

ONCE UPON A TIME AND FAW, FAW AWAY, THEWE WAS A SWEET WIDDLE BIRDY NAMED..

Widdle Wed Widing Tweety!

Writer: Dana Kurtin Penciler: Pablo Zamboni Inker: Scott McRae Letterer: Bob Pinaha Colorist: Tom Zuiko

One day, Widdle Wed Widing Tweety was fwying thwough the woods on the way to Gwanny's house. "Beware the Big Bad Puddy Tat", Gwanny told him. "He'll try to catch and eat you!"
"Okay, Gwanny," said Widdle Wed Widing Tweety.

But at Gwanny's house, Gwanny was nowhere to be found! "Yoo hoo," said Widdle Wed Widing Tweety. "Gwanny, are you home?"
"I'm in here", said a gwuff voice.

Widdle Wed Widing Tweety was very wowwied to see Gwanny sick in bed! "Why, Gwanny," said Tweety, "You don't wook at all well! Your widdle voice sounds wough and harsh! Pwus, you've gwown a mustache!"
"Come closer, my dear", said Gwanny.

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"Why, Gwanny, what big eyes you have," said Widdle Wed Widing Tweety.

"The better to see you with, my dear," said Gwanny.

"Why, Gwanny, what big ears you have," said Widdle Wed Widing Tweety.
"The better to hear you with, my dear," said Gwanny.

"Why, Gwanny, what big teeth you have," said Widdle Wed Widding Tweety.
Gwanny smiled. "The better to..."

"...Eat you with, my dear," said the Big Bad Puddy Tat! And with that, he ate Widdle Wed Widing Tweety in one gulp!

I LOVE HAPPY ENDINGS! TIME FOR LUNCH!

WAIT, PUDDY! WE'RE NOT DONE!

WHADDAYA MEAN, NOT DONE? THE CAT ATE THE BIRD! WHAT ELSTHE COULD POSSIBLY HAPPEN?

WET ME FINISH!

Now Widdle Wed Widing Tweety sat in the Bad Puddy's dark, stinky stomach. "Pee-yew," said Tweety. "I don't wike it in here at all!"

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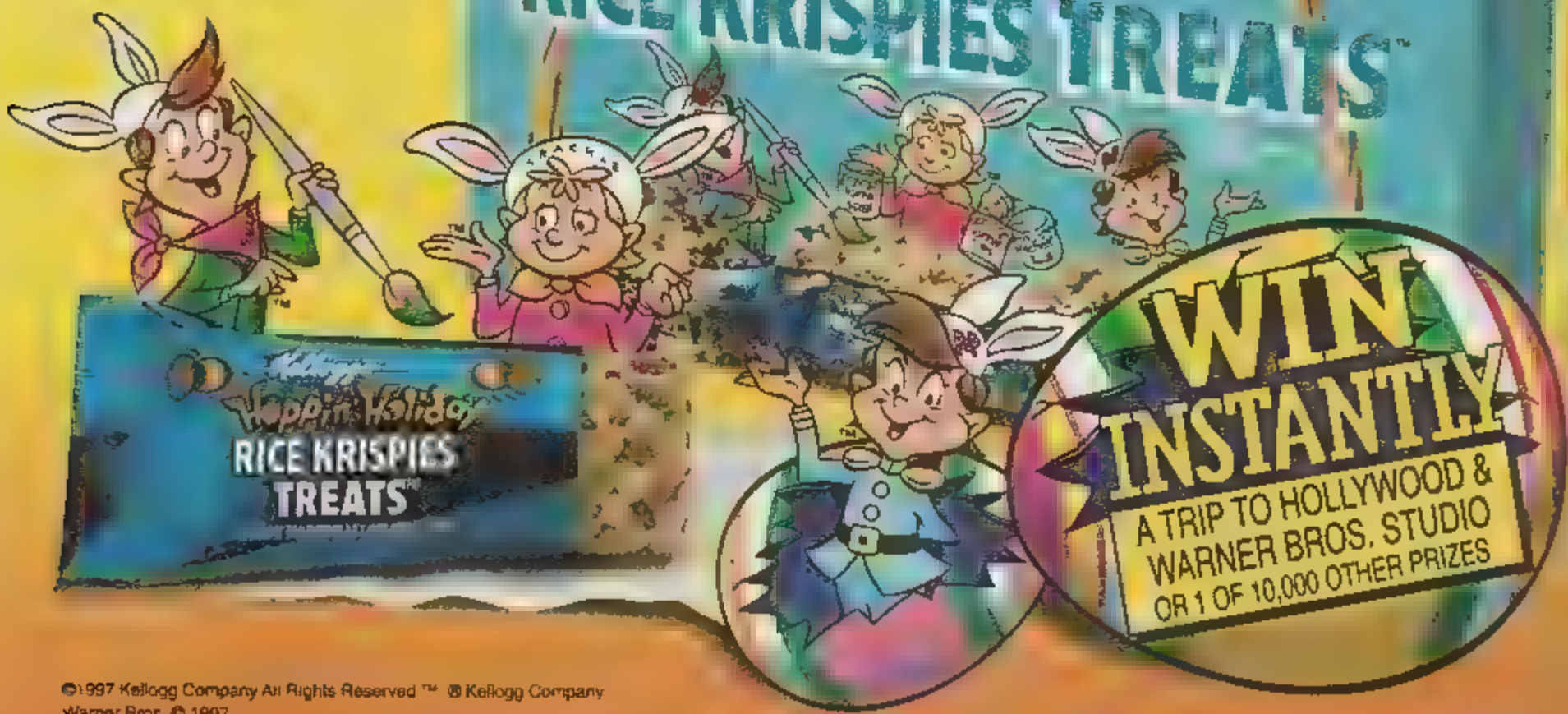

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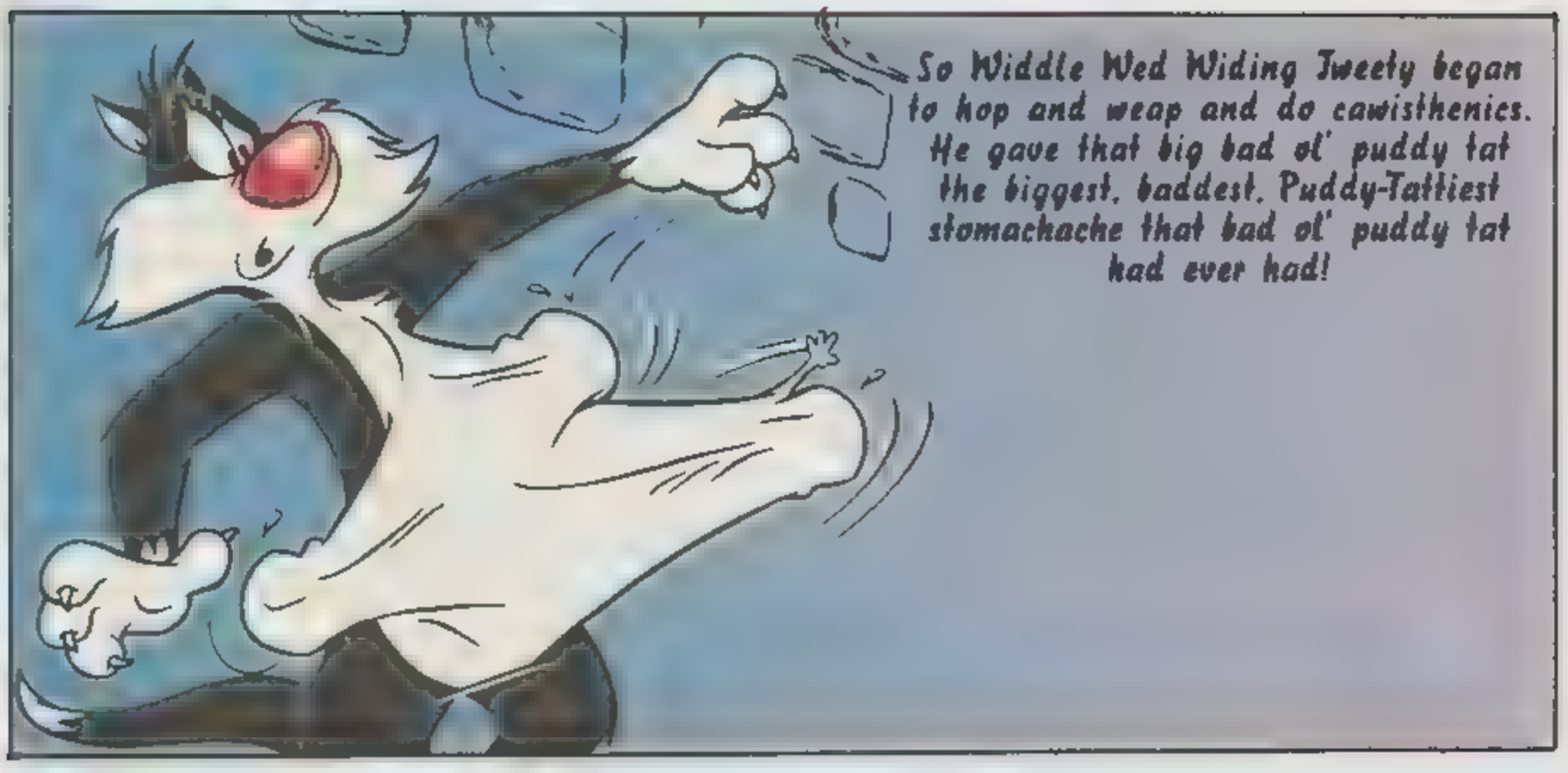
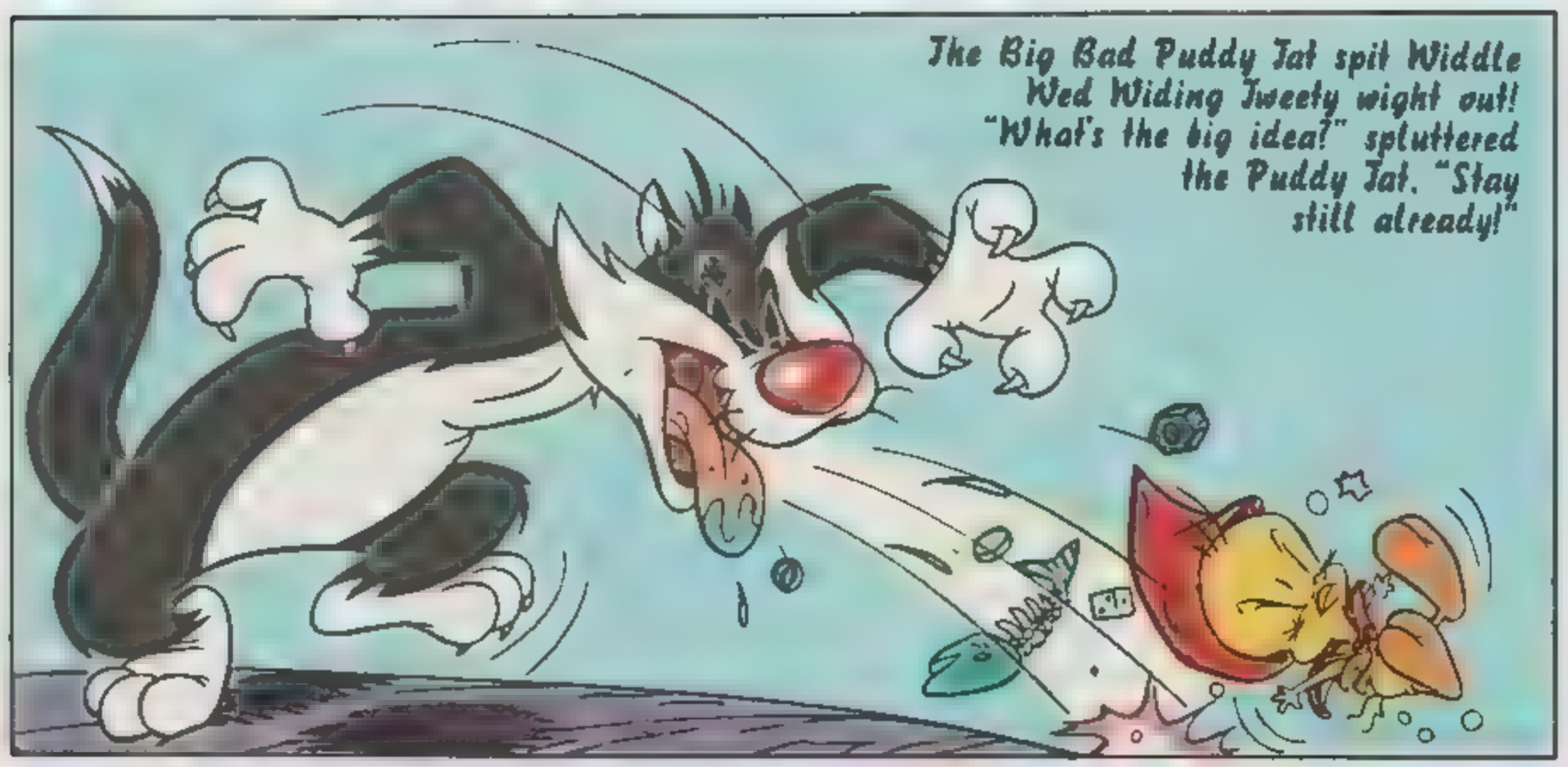
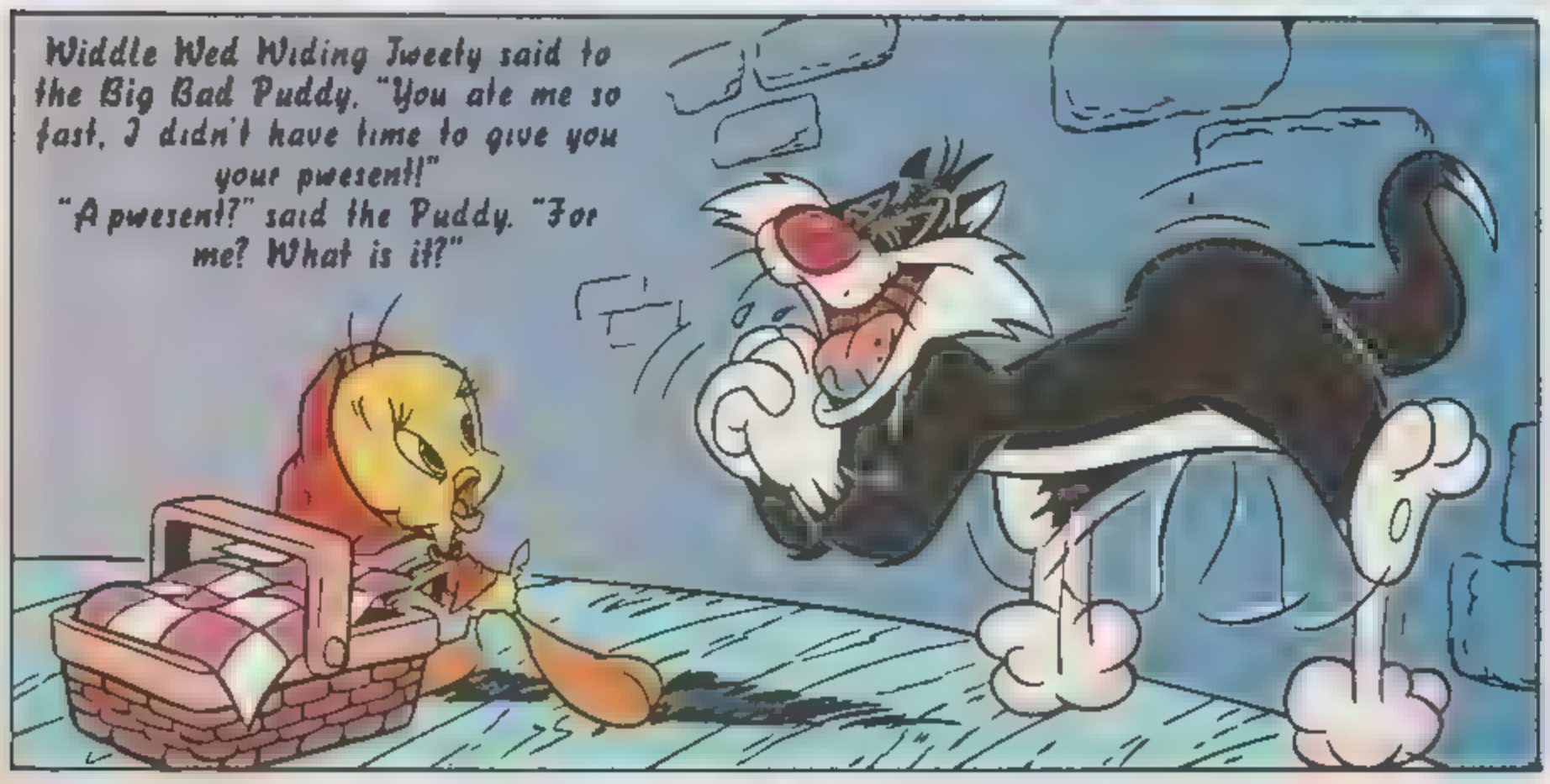

So Widdle Wed Widing Tweety began to hop and weap and do cawisthenics. He gave that big bad ol' puddy tat the biggest, baddest, Puddy-Tattiest stomachache that bad ol' puddy tat had ever had!


The Big Bad Puddy Tat spit Widdle Wed Widing Tweety wight out! "What's the big idea?" spluttered the Puddy Tat. "Stay still already!"


Widdle Wed Widing Tweety said to the Big Bad Puddy. "You ate me so fast, I didn't have time to give you your pwesent!"
"A pwesent?" said the Puddy. "For me? What is it?"

"A gweat big mawwet to hit you with," said Wittle Wed Widing Tweety.

LEMME SEE THAT! THAT'S RIDICULOUSTH! WHERE IN THISTH BOOK DOES IT SAY A LITTLE BIRD WHACKED A GREAT BIG PUDDY TAT WITH A *MALLET*?

WIGHT HERE!

WHAM

I JUST *WOVE* HAPPY ENDINGS, DON'T YOU?

The End

WB1265
BEEP BEEP
A KIND OF MAGIC
ACME FRAGILE
HANDLE WITH CARE

Writer Leonardo Batic Penciller Leonardo Batic(Sol Studio) Letterer Lorina Mapa Inker Scott McRae Colorist Tom Zuiko

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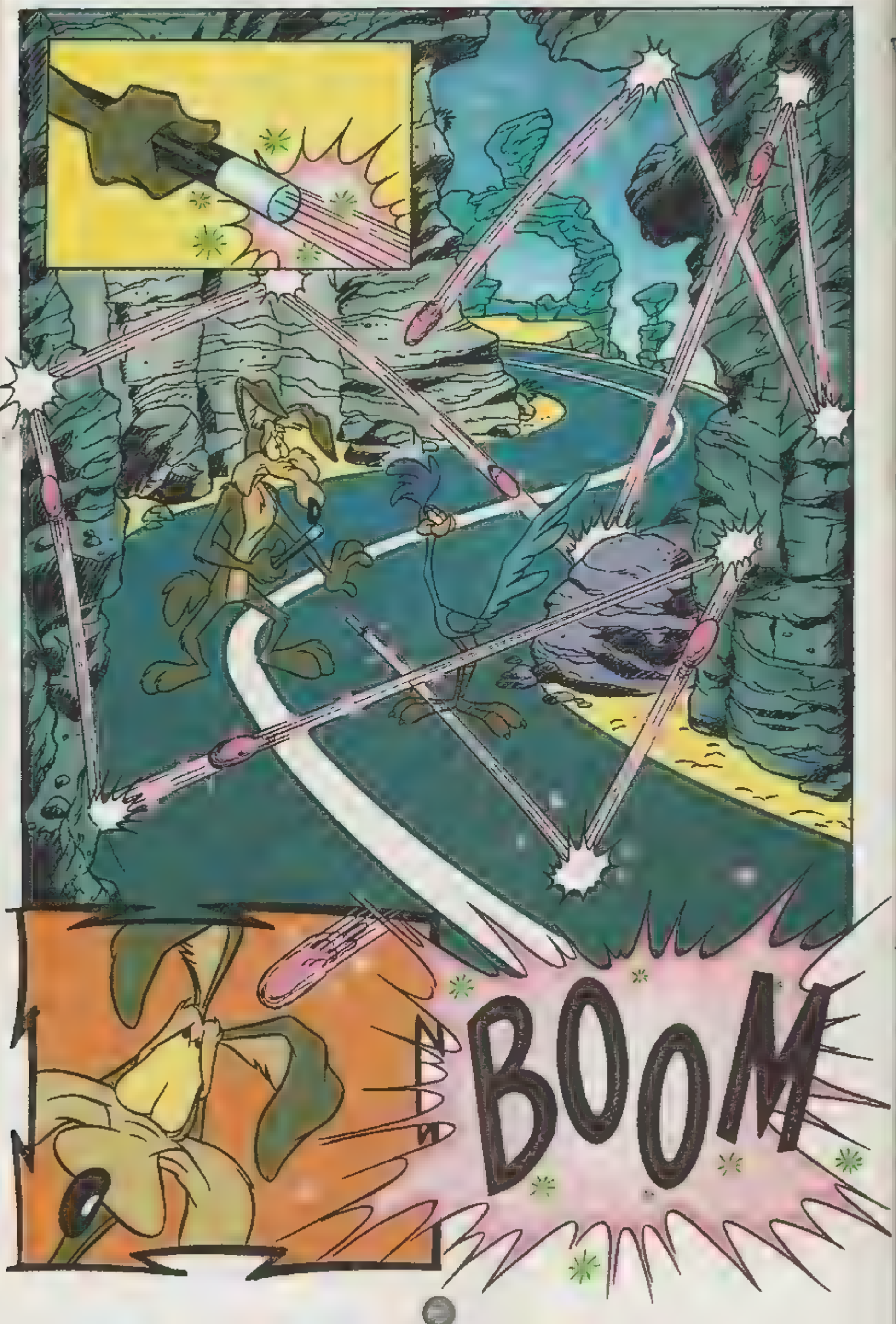

BOOM

WATCH this space

No. 41

CLOTHES HOARSE: We've been doin' a lot of jawkin' about this **new Superman suit deal! MSNBC**, "**Access Hollywood**," **Wizard**, **CBS News**, the **Comics Buyer's Guide**, seventy-seven radio stations around the **world** (including Australia, England, Japan, South Africa, the tiny duchy of Unamir, even!), "**Hard Copy**" — everyone everywhere has been asking us about the new duds!

But right here, on DC's hallowed **WATCH THIS SPACE** page, we're gonna show you something we couldn't talk about anywhere else! But first — a little history.

Just about **every super-hero's costume** that's appeared in the last 59 years is in some way **derivative** of a design by the son of a Cleveland tailor, **Joe Shuster**. Originally in the short story "The Reign of the Super-Man," the title character was a bad guy in t-shirt and pants, like any of us (but without the ketchup stains). When writer **Jerry Siegel** rethought the possibilities of his story, he repositioned the Man of Tomorrow as the same strange visitor from another planet, but put him on the side of good. The artist, Joe, put the protagonist in symbolic tights and primary colors emblazoned with an "S-Shield" on his chest. Adding the flourish of a cape to suggest motion, and — voilà! The greatest super-hero costume — ever!

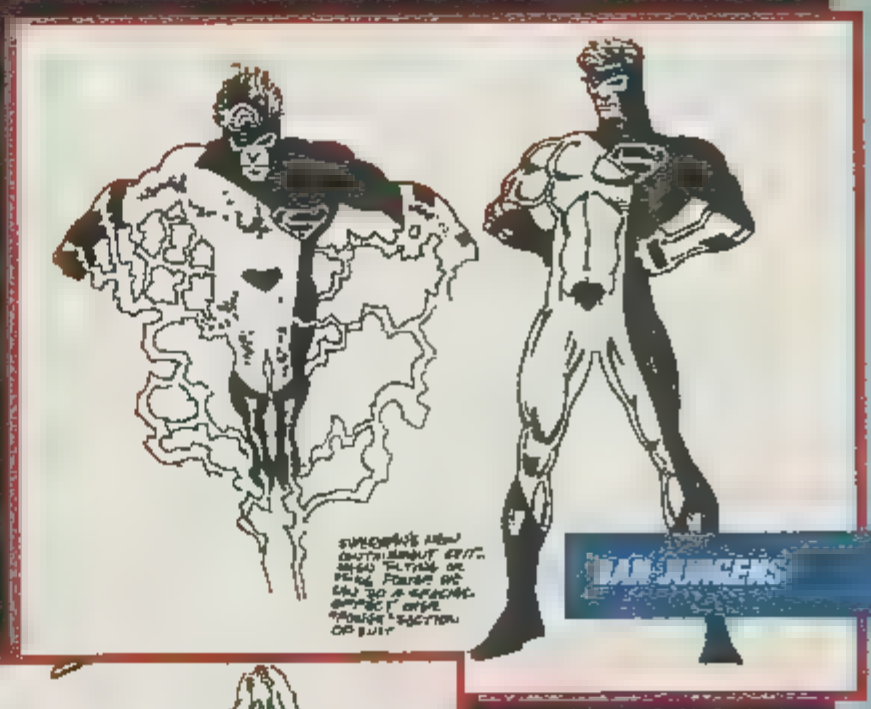
So, how do you **improve** on the best? You don't. But when faced with the problem of telling the story of what just **might** require said strange visitor to doff the duds, you tackle said operation with **all** of your **top doctors** at your side!

So presented here, **exclusively** and **for the first time anywhere**, are the designs the other regular members of our **Super-Team** submitted after we came up with the "new powers" storyline.

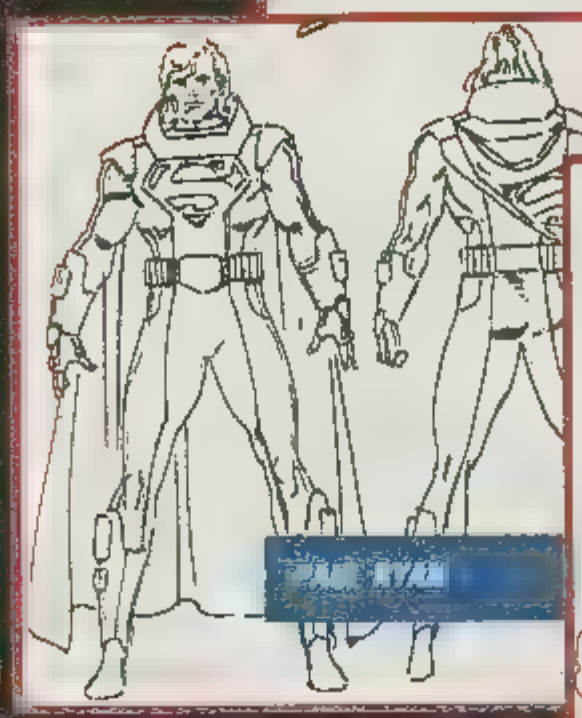
Colors? Hey, kids, get out your **crayon box** with the **built-in sharpener** and HAVE FUN!

Of course, we've gotten **hundreds** of letters commenting on the change. More than a few of them read, "I don't like Superman's new costume! Because it SHOULD HAVE looked like **this!**" accompanied by the writer's **own** illustration. So to some: **No** change. To others: **Cool** change. And to even more: **No** change **unless** it's **their** change!

And now, with this previously unknown information, we're sure the debate will **rage on** in a **never-ending battle** in its own right!



IAN JUNGENS



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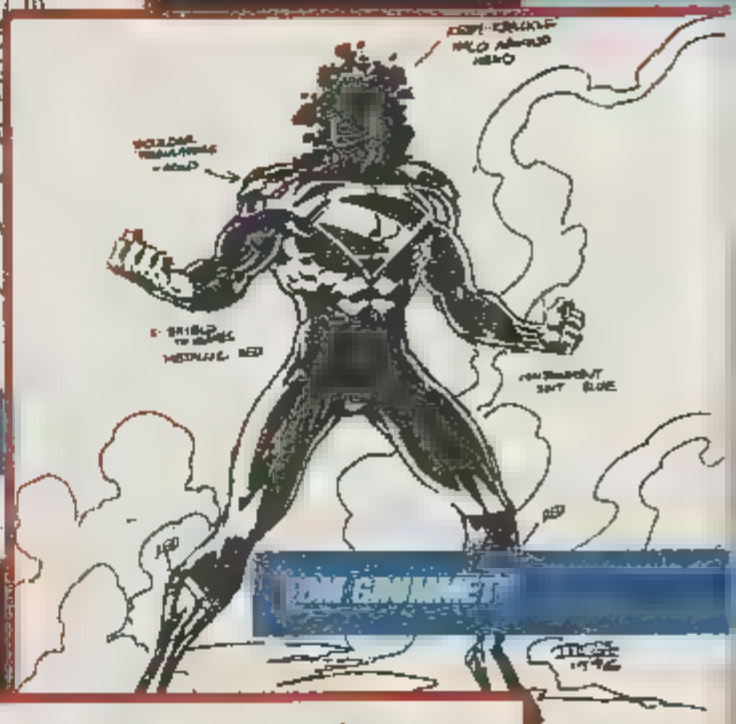
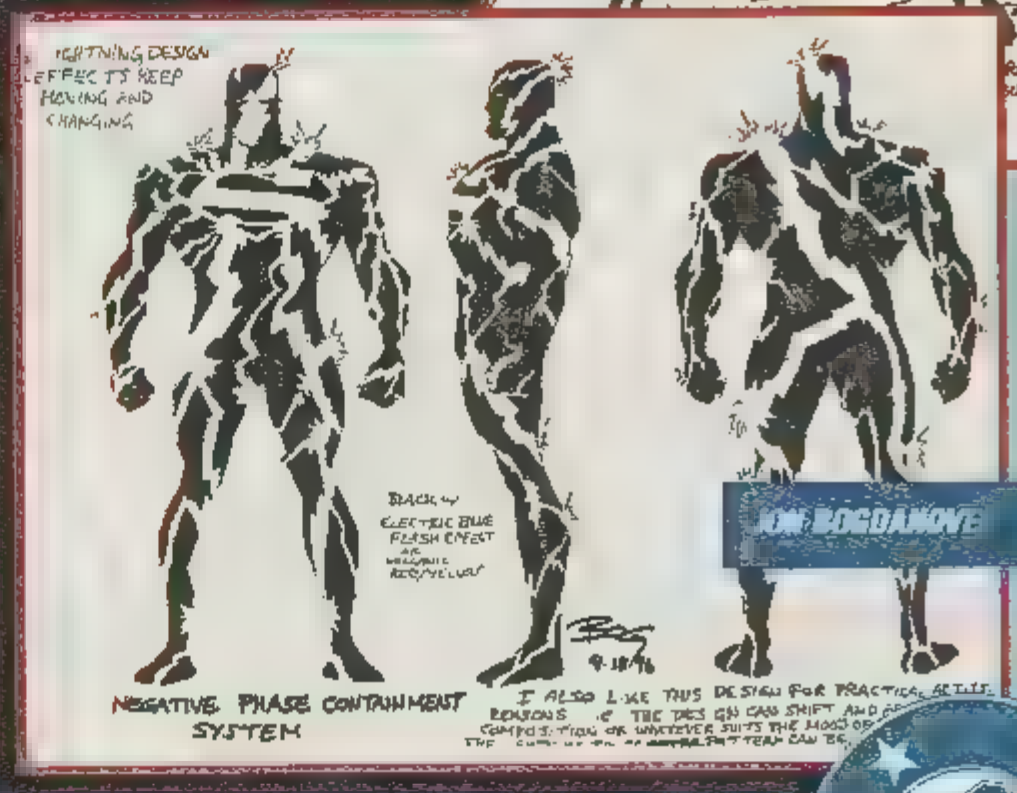


JON GUNNARET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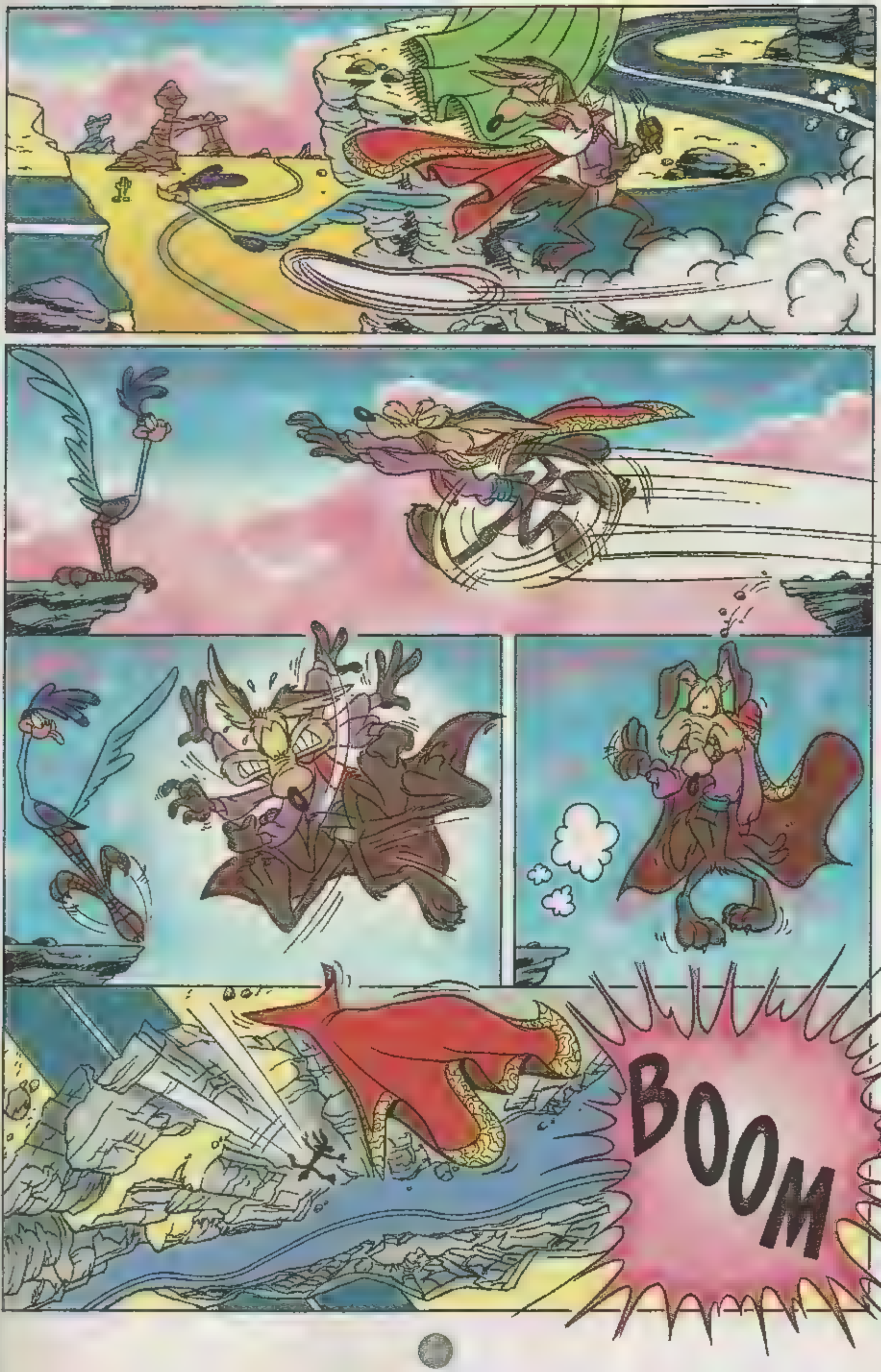
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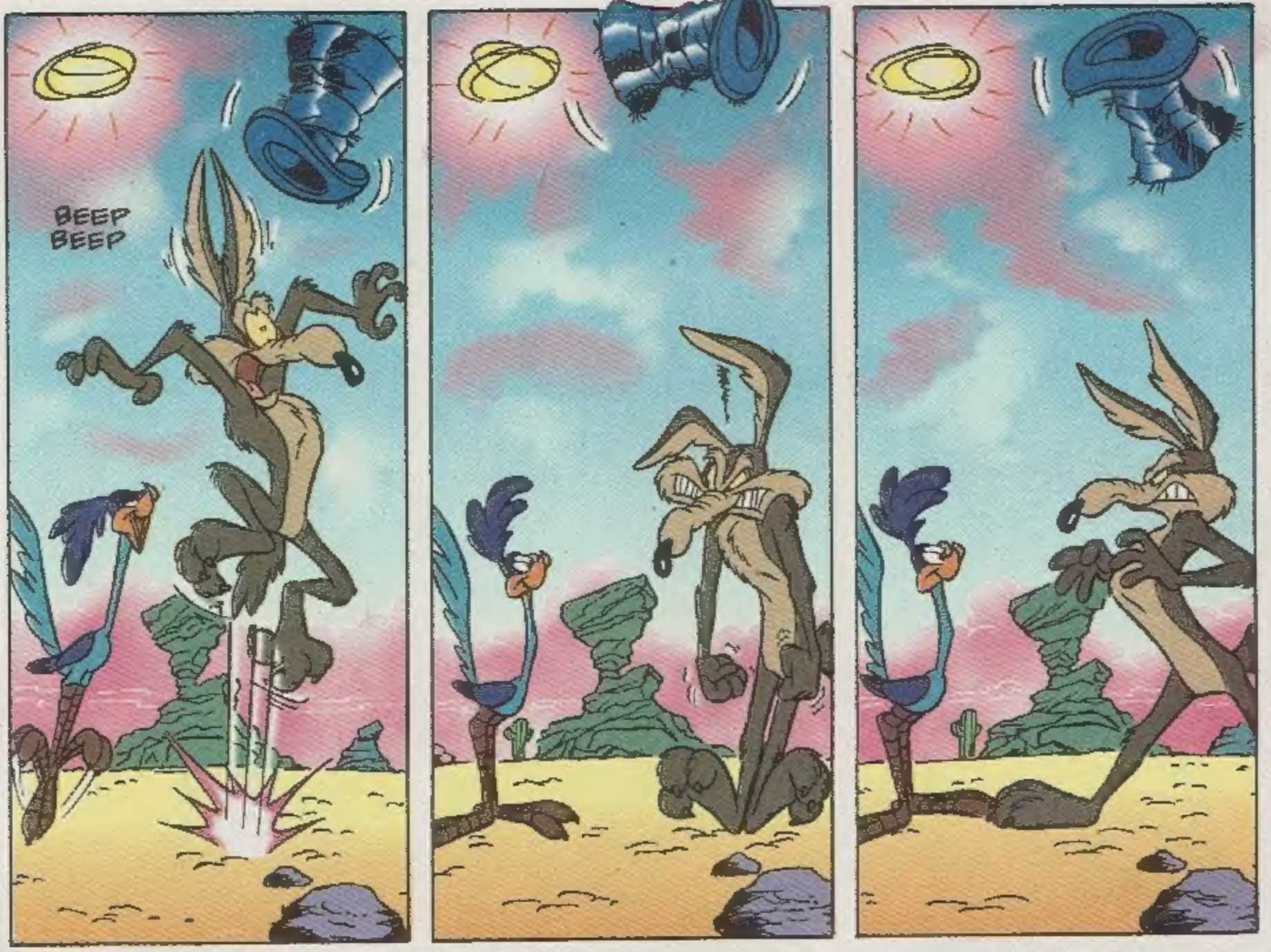
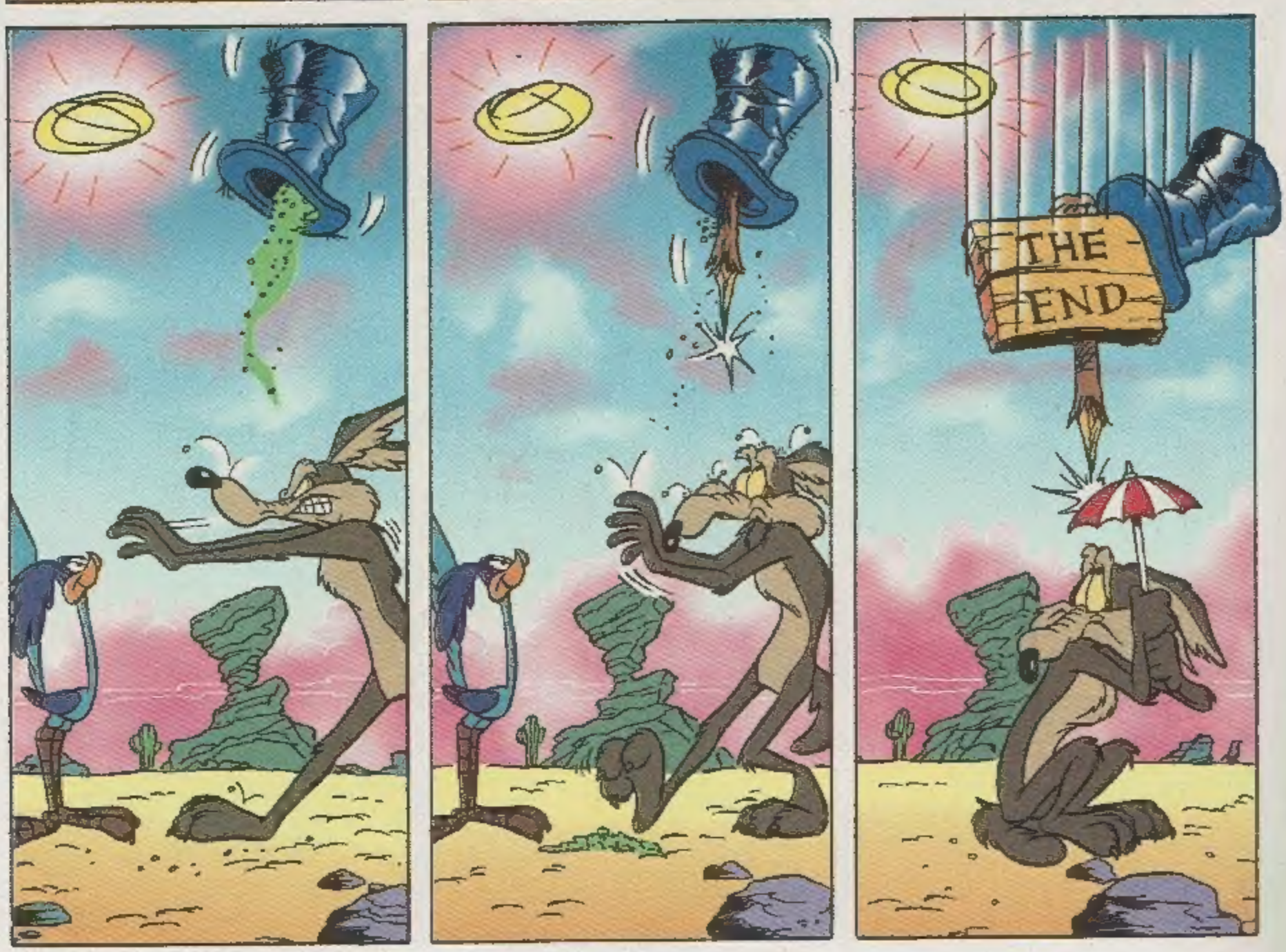

BEEP
BEEP


THE
END

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